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McKean County Miner.

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VOL. XXXVIII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1901. NO. 33

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—James M. Barnett.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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Judge of Election—F. E. Tull.
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
FRANCIS H. FREEMAN, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings
JOHN NELSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
JOHN NELSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MATO, Com.
H. L. SUMLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
Mrs. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 123, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in Wells Hall.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in Wells Hall, Thursday afternoons.
Mrs. ANNA S. GIFFORD, Com.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 23, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Miss A. M. BOARDMAN, W. M.
Miss. LELLIE T. COLEGROVE, Secretary.

Churches

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Episcopal—J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 2:00 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, pastor. Mass all a.m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

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March 1, 1900.

THE TRAITRESS.

The Story of the British Rout at Majuba Hill.

BY P. Y. BLACK.

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Old Oom Jan, major in the patriot army, was of far too violent and explosive a nature to restrain the passion which filled him upon this discovery. His tremendous roars of rage far more than filled the house. They volleyed down the one street of the village. His wrath, as his joy, as his good fortune, all seldom hid within himself, nor even in the immediate circle of his family. His heart, like those of most men of a natural and not acquired honesty, was worn upon his sleeve. Already the village was aware of Martha de Kalb's incredible treachery and was at its doors, sorrowful, wondering, angry, in its divers moods.

Major de Kalb now stood at his own open door, brandishing the fatal letter. Young Peter was in the spider, already prepared to drive the trembling renegade from her home forever. Inside, the fat and motherly Taute de Kalb sat in a huge chair and wailed and wept and implored her husband to be less hasty, to be more merciful.

There are three things which the old time Boer loves, and these three are placed in inexchangeable order—his God, his country and his home—that is, his family. As his country would yield preference to his religion if such a case might occur, so must his child give place to his country. To ask him to shelter Martha, who had hurt the Transvaal's cause, was to ask too much from Oom Jan. Therefore poor Taute de Kalb wailed in vain. The broad shouldered, bearded, steel hearted old Boer only turned the torrents of his rage upon his wife.

"No fault but yours, vrouw!" he shouted, and in the orange scented silence of the village in the valley his voice sounded distinctly in the ears of the kneeling neighbors and passed up the hillsides to tremble far into the heart of the woods. "No fault but your own! To play the piano the brought his first money on! The only instrument bought for his daughter so that he split the top in halves, to jabber poetry, to be educated, to be like any cursed Englishman's daughter—that's what you insisted upon and chanted and cried for."

"Oom Jan! Oom Jan!" his wife wailed. "Why not? Are the English to enjoy everything, and our children nothing?"

"We enjoy what our fathers enjoyed, our children can enjoy the same. They were at peace and happy and blessed in the Lord, without pianos and education—without the English. The English! They have invaded my country, and now—they have destroyed my home."

The old woman sobbed.

"Don't send the daughter away," she cried. "After all, do not all the maidens love at some time?"

"Love!" roared the old patriot. "Love! Love an Englishman! What kind of love has she who will betray her fatherland for her love? Listen again, then, you old, foolish woman, to the letter!"

In the same loud voice he began to read the missive which the unhappy mother had found among her daughter's things, and innocently handed to him.

Dear Girl—I love you all the more for the selfishness which you write me of what you call my danger, but how could I, my dear, even if I desired to, leave my post at this late day? All that you say of the Transvaal's preparations may be true. Still what can unskilled farmers do against the trained troops we have? It will be the brush, and they will see their folly. Then there will be quick peace, and you and I will meet again, as in the happy days when I first met you in Cape Town. To that time, Your own,
NED VERCOMB.

P. S.—My dear, your news is very interesting, but be it not known to—dangerous for you to write such things. This goes by your own Kaffir messenger.

"And that Kaffir is pretty well thrashed to death," cried the Boer, ripping the letter furiously and stamping on the scraps. "So, by my fathers, would you be, girl, if you were not a girl and my vrouw's child!"

"Father, father, I meant no wrong!" cried his daughter and clasped her hands and wrung them, sobbing.

She had come in from her chamber dressed for her enforced journey. She did not look like the traitress they denounced her as, although undoubtedly she had given information to an officer of the enemy's army. She was of the best Boer type—almost of the old Dutch, save that her cheeks were more flushed with the kiss of the sun and her blue eyes were usually, though not now, clear with the light of freedom. Her yellow hair was neatly coiled on her white neck. Even now in her grief and humiliation there was in her walk and her carriage the grace of a woman accustomed from childhood to run on the veldt, to gallop across it bareback, to take part in many of the exercises which had helped to make of her father, Oom Jan, the physically grand man who now stood glaring upon her.

"Father, father, I meant no wrong!" she cried.

"No wrong" he repeated and pointed almost pathetically to the torn paper at his feet. "Has all your education in Cape Town not taught you what treachery means? Is it no wrong to send secret messages of the Transvaal's preparations,' to send 'news which might be dangerous,' to an officer in the army of invaders? Is it no wrong to love a man, and he an Englishman, and never tell your mother as a good Boer girl would?"

His voice was now more reproachful than furious, and she was encouraged by that to look up at him with pleading. Her eyes were as guileless as a child's.

"I cannot see yet where it was wrong," she said simply. "I am his betrothed wife, but learning by way English are thought it better to say nothing until peace had come. As to the rest, father, I saw so much when I was with you among the soldiers that I was afraid for him. They think so lightly of the danger they are running into. I wrote to him to prevent him coming with the English soldiers."

"So you told him our plans!" he cried bitterly. "And by this time he has reported to his general."

"My private letter"—she cried indignantly, but he would not listen.

"Traitress!" he cried, and his eyes gleamed dangerously, and he took her by the shoulders and pushed her from the house of her fathers, while her mother's voice rose up to the old time darkened roof in a long scream of agony and pity.

Martha staggered forward, and the door closed with a crash behind her. The girl's cheeks were white now as milk, but there was in her eyes no anger or fear, merely a sense of dazed wonder as if the world itself had been left behind. She was quite alone. The women stood at their doors silent, children peeped from behind their mothers' skirts, frightened, yet curious, as at sight of a buck. For a moment Martha glanced up the street and down. The village was very still. In the orchards, sloping upward behind the houses on either side the narrow street, there was no sign of life—no pickers, no pruners. In the broad track below the clear brook bubbled through the trees and the oxen fed as usual, but the merry herders were not there. Only the thinly piping voices of two very small urchins rose up from the meadows. The church was deserted, the store was closed. Nowhere were there any but two very old men at their stoops. Even the boys of fair size were away.

Even to her bewildered brain the absence of the men folk and the consequent lack of noise, of sound of work, struck strangely. Then she remembered; they were commandeered, her father's and her brother's brethren, the Boers. Every one of them was now away, with his faithful gun, to the army, and by the morrow probably many would be dead—many of her own people, many of her lover's people, perhaps her father or brother, perhaps her betrothed. Her lip trembled, but she looked up bravely and met the eyes of the silent women. She pitied them. She knew what they were, as she herself might have been if these happy years of school life in Cape Town had never come to her—stolid, ignorant of all things save their Bibles, unable to judge their enemy, only to hate him. Yet they were grand in their faith and simplicity, trusting in the Lord for victory on the next day. She, too, although she knew what the red soldiers could do, fearless-eyed, feared—that her countrymen would win, for if they did, foretelling a crushing blow, she guessed the fate of her daring lover, so conscious of his own men's fighting powers, so contemptuous of those of the farmer soldiery.

So she looked bravely into the eyes of the Boer women. They might call her "traitress" and groan as they did now, but she had done the best she knew, the only thing she could do, to warn Venable that he was fighting against no foe to laugh at. "For God judge," she murmured, "if I was a traitress. Could it be treachery to try to save the life of the beloved?" Very simple she was, very ingenuous of the grander motives of heroines, for all her studies—little better than a child, acting by heart's impulse and love's prompting, and these alone. This she had done, but now her father called her "traitress," and that was bitter, and her home was closed forever against her, and the women about she had played and worked among hooted her. A small boy threw a stone, and her brother cried sullenly to her to hurry.

When they had driven out of the village and out of the quiet valley and

"Father, father, I meant no wrong!" she cried

were on the rough trek crossing the veldt, she looked at him gently, for he was younger than she, a boy of 16, and asked:

"Where are you taking me, Peter?"

He never looked at her as he answered sullenly: "To old Van Belt's farm. It is out of the line of fighting, and there you can get to the frontier on a horse. Father gave me this money to give to you." With it you can get easily among your friends in your own country."

"But the—the Transvaal is my country, Peter."

"Never!" cried the boy with a terrible storm-like bred of his father's blood. "Never again! If you were a man, it would be your country—to be shot and buried in. You are lucky that my father and not the general discovered your treason, spy."

Martha shivered, and the veldt swam in her eyes. Oom Jan cried "Traitress," and Peter, her own young brother, called her "spy."

"Brother, brother," she stammered piteously. "I told him about the man who is to marry me."

Peter laughed loudly.

"Marry! Marry you! When that verdomter uitlander knows his has got out of you all the information he ever can get, he will—despise you."

The boy was not naturally brutal any more than her father, Jan de Kalb, had ever before been harsh with her. Martha at her brother's words began to realize for the first time how great was her sin in the eyes of her own kinsfolk. She had hidden her love from her mother. That was an offense, but trivial.

She had loved an Englishman. That was serious. She had sent news of the army to her English lover. That was more than unpardonable. Henceforth she was an outcast. "God, country, home" all had been stirred against. No Boer could forget that, no Boer could ever forgive that.

"At least let us part in kindness, brother Peter," she cried in despair, and he answered, without looking at her.

"You have no brother."

It was dark when they drove into old Vanfield's farmyard, but huge fires were burning about in the shadows, and voices were calling to each other in unbridled excitement. The farmer himself came out to the cart in surprise, a very old man.

"Are the loothers in Springbokfontein?" he asked, with alarm. "Has Martha come to me for safety?"

"No, no, come," Peter answered him gladly. "She needs a good horse." She has far to go. Oom Jan, my father, sends her on important business. Some one else can go every man from the village is with the army, and I must hurry back to join them."

"Our soldiers are famous!" cried the old man proudly. "Which chief gives even the girls such strength of heart we shall surely conquer in his name. You shall have my best horse, Martha, but wait and have your coffee first."

Martha tried to press Peter's hand in recognition of the unexpected kindness with, which he had saved her from more shame, but he roughly drew it away, as if himself ashamed at displaying so much mercy. They went into the house, and there a surprise awaited them. Old Van Belt's only son lay on a bed grievously wounded. The farmer spoke of him with solemn quietude.

"They just brought him home before you came," said the old man, who had shed many a time himself for fatherland and was now content to offer up his boy at the altar. "The fighting has begun. There have been one or two skirmishes. Stephen here is badly hurt, and one or two patriots are dead, but for every one of ours God has smitten three of the invaders."

Martha did not hear the last sentences. She had stepped swiftly to the bedside, leaning over the patient.

"Where, Stephen—where—how—how did you come by this?"

She touched an embroidered kerchief tied round the young soldier's arm stained with his blood. The man opened his eyes and smiled recognition.

"Martha de Kalb," he said, "you women are doing good work among the wounded. That? Oh, that I crawled over to when I was shot down and took from a dead Englishman's neck. You see, I was bleeding bad and had to take the first thing I saw."

She knew it. She had embroidered it herself. She had given it to Lieutenant Venable. She drew back with out fainting, but now with a dumbness at her heart that was more deathly than her previous despair.

She was away at last. Peter, her brother, helped her in that. He was anxious to be done with this work a kind of execution—its work. Besides, like every young fool, he was eager to get back to his father and the leaders in the decisive fight which they all knew must be close at hand and show the older to rescue of the people that their younger brothers in arms were made of the same stuff as the fathers.

The Lord had done as he promised, and given her safety. Best horse, with its low gait prepared her for what he presumed was a secret mission. Neither did any body express for self possible danger for her. They knew she was veldt bred, acquainted with the country and a good horsewoman. Peter handed her a revolver at the last moment. She looked in his eyes as she took it, but he turned away, yet she knew the thought which was in the Irish minded Boer lad's mind and perhaps she interpreted that would be right. Father, mother, brother, country and lover all lost in one day a traitress, a spy. Surely it would be best so to do with herself out there in the night on the lonely veldt.

There was but a quarter moon, its light and that of the stars served only to make the solitude of the veldt more shadowy and fearful to a stranger. Martha was no stranger to night in the bush. Very often in slow ox wagons or in the swifter cart behind her father's horses, or, as now, in the saddle she had traveled guided over far by star marks, along long, rough treks. Tonight there were about her soul darker shadows of more unhappy portent than ever were cast upon the plain to affright the wanderer.

If she meant to use the money Peter had thrust at her she knew the safe road to the frontier and thanks to the colony and her school day friends. For she did not once dream that another The fine shot of going to Cape Town did not enter her head. The sight of the kerchief had in an instant killed all notion of seeking the English. What were English people to her now? Her lover dead, all England was a dream. And that dream gone, the blissing reality was before her eyes again. She was the spy, the traitor, the outcast.

The thought of turning the pistol on herself came again more than once, but she was a girl never given to morbidness at any time, and now, in spite of the stunning blows which had tragically confounded her, the reaction, more physical than mental, began, and instinctively she commenced, though almost unconsciously, to question what might be done. Venable was dead, and she needed comfort. To whom could she go for that save to her mother, and by what means could she reach again old Taute's breast? How could she turn aside her father's wrath?

She had left the reins to the horse, and the beast was following a path which did not lead to the frontier. Suddenly a distant crackling of musketry made the animal prick his ears and start. The noise which thus broke the gloomy silence of the veldt awoke Martha to a clearer sense of where she was. She sat more straightly in the saddle and listened. They came again, not in volleys, but in the scattered reports of skirmish firing, the sounds of many guns. Those was her father, there by now might be Peter, holding back the invader. There, if she had had the luck, she thought, to have been born a boy, should she be. She halted and her eyes shone in the darkness. Why should she not be? Why not prove to her people that she was, if a traitress, not one with intended malice? She could shoot almost as well as Peter; she was more active than men of older age. For full five minutes she remained at a halt, and then, swinging her horse off the trail, she galloped to the right straight across country, following no path or trek, save the sure guide of her native knowledge of the land.

By dawn the veldt was alive with strange noises and unwonted visitors. Trumpets were calling across its grasses. The clatter of steel scabbards against spurs and stirrup irons rang out in the quiet air. Drums were beating. The loud and sharp commands came swiftly from the mouths of alert sergeants. The English camp was struck, and the first rays of the sun glinted from the buttons and bayonets of the invading army as it formed column and marched into the heart of the coveted land. Swinging along with the practiced, never faltering step of long drilled soldiers, the army passed, with here and there a bronzed horseman darting from front to rear and rear to front with orders, and flying above it the proud banner that has been so frequently lowered.

So they passed, the gay group of generals and staff in front, chatting and laughing, until of a moment their talk and laughter ceased, and swiftly the chief sent his aids galloping back along the column with sharp orders to close up. Down the trek, with grim faces, came slowly in retreat the advance guard, the scouts, bearing with them wounded men and dead.

"The enemy is in force," they said, "but they won't stand. They are here, there and everywhere over the veldt, behind anthills and trees, behind rocks on the kopjes, always keeping at a distance and picking off our men every shot at long range."

A stronger guard was sent to the front. Scouts were sent out on either flank, and the column again moved forward. Now the laughing and talking ceased, and vexation and wrath were on the face of the chief and were reflected on the faces of his staff. The number of soldiers being sent to the surgeons in the rear was increasing, and nothing could be seen of the Boers but distant horsemen or rapidly flocking squads far off or occasional sharpshooters many guide away or perpetual puffs of smoke above bowlders and behind the scrubby trees. Little drilled to battle line and hollow square, the farmer soldiers were defending their country in their own way. So the column passed on. So the Boers retreated, harassing front and flank, and the English general growled and grumbled:

"The beggars are in force. Why don't they stand up and fight?"

And a little boy, riding alongside his father to see the fun, so sure were the English that it would be little more than a sham battle, looked up at the officer and asked with surprise:

"Is, isn't it time yet to begin to lick them?"

Meanwhile the patriots had moving among them their pastors, and before the fight commenced their day had begun with prayer to the Lord of Hosts. There was not the trim and soldierly appearance of the invaders. Old men were there in the clothes in which they followed the plow; boys were there in the garb in which they herded the cattle or guided the long ox trains. Their clothes was grimly solemn—man and boy. As they retreated along the trek's flanks, holding together in squads, undisciplined save by the force engendered by each man's love of land, each man's determination to follow to the end a common purpose, officers got lapped among them, cheerily and encouragingly exhorting them. Among these officers was old Oom Jan, and for all his years his eye was as bright and his form as erect in the saddle as those of his people 20 years younger than he. He scanned as he rode the faces of those sharpshooters whom he passed delivering a deadly fire upon the enemy, and many he knew and many he spoke to. But one he knew and yet knew not, for the face puzzled him until, finding Peter, his son, eager eyed and busy, he pointed the stranger out and asked if Peter knew who he was and from what district he came; then looking at his boy's face, he smiled and said:

"He's not unlike you, my son."

So Peter, finding an opportunity as they moved position, drew close to the stranger and at once knew who it was, although the yellow hair was closely cut and the trim, Cape made dress had given place to the rude dress of a Boer farmer's lad.

"Martha!" he cried.

She looked at him with a smile.

"Is there any other way or better way in which I can prove I did not mean treason?" she asked.

He was bewildered.

"Where did you get these clothes?"

"Cousin Hofmeyr is sick, and I went to his farm and took them."

He said nothing more for awhile, then asked:

"Do you know that Lieutenant Venable is with them?"

"He is dead," she said.

"Martha," he said after a long pause, "father and I were furious last night, but but this makes things"—

From in front came a prolonged call—the Boer bugle call—and there was no time to seek Oom Jan. A high hill was at hand, and the Boers' plan of battle was nearing its complete development. It was Majuba hill. The Boers relied, and their relentless sharpshooting slackened. The unfortunate English

She threw herself into Venable's arms.

general seized the chance to occupy the hill. It was a vain move. The soldiers were almost unprotected. The Boers swarmed about in force, and their firing became more destructive than ever. In desperate fashion the English charged down the steep, rocky sides. They dropped before they reached the foe. But they held on with sullen grimness and determination. The Boers gave vent at last to shouts of triumph. They had the enemy in a trap—such a trap as Martha had warned her lover was imminent. The general died by his own hand, fearful of disgrace. The little boy was dead with his father, but the awful torrent of bullets from these soldier hunters poured in relentlessly.

Now and again as desperate English men formed and charged in a sort of forlorn hope they and the Boers came face to face and hand to hand, and more than once when this happened the traitress was there, her gun and her revolver doing their work. Peter was apart, too busy to think of her. Oom Jan did not know she was there. In the hurry and the scurry of the day nobody but Peter had recognized her. At last there came down the hill with a cheer a company of Englishmen led by a young officer, revolver in one hand and sword in the other. At sight of that officer Martha forgot her dress. She dropped her arms and uttered a shrill scream of dismay.

"Ned! Ned!" she cried.

At that the officer checked himself, dropping the point of his sword. He looked round wildly, and, as if a ghost had spoken, he answered wonderingly:

"Martha?"

The traitress had left the Boer ranks. She was dashing wildly up the hill. She threw herself into Venable's arms, and for one instant they were breast to breast. Then among the storm of bullets one found a tragic mark. It struck the Boer maiden between the shoulders, and, passing through her body and his, they fell dead together.

"The Way to Win a Woman."

The first thing, a woman wants to be well treated; once in awhile she wants to be petted; the third thing, she wants to be admired; the fourth, she never wants to be contradicted.—Dr. Popper

A TRUE FISH STORY.

The Peculiar Adventure of a Wedding Ring.

"About the queerest fish story I know of," said a highly truthful looking man—indeed, he was a clergyman—"happened to me at a little lake in Wisconsin, where I used to summer with my family. One day my wife was out in our boat with a party of friends. She was letting her hand trail in the water, without thinking about its shrinking effect, and when she finally took her hand in her wedding ring was gone. The lake was deep at that point, and although we made considerable effort to recover the ring it was not found.

"Naturally it worried her a good deal, and the next year she would not go back to the same place, nor did we go the following year, but the third year we went there again, and one day I was in the woods about a mile from the lake with my boy, trying to get a shot at some denizen of the forest or other. As we went peering around among the trees to get a squirrel we had seen I noticed something shining on a twig of a tree about 25 feet from the ground. I sent my boy up after it, and when he came back I was more than astonished to find that the shining thing was my wife's wedding ring.

"How it ever got there was a mystery at first, but I was not a believer in fairies and that sort of thing, so I began to investigate for material causes. The top of the tree had deadened, and with a suspicion in my mind I sent my boy up to see what signs might be above the green boughs. He called down to me presently that there were remains of a fish hawk's nest in the forks of the tree, and, putting this and that together, I came to the conclusion that the hawk had caught the fish that had grabbed up my wife's ring in the lake and had taken it to the nest for the young hawks. They didn't care for jewelry and had left that part of the fish in the nest, from which, without remarking the oddity of it at the time, that the staircase was of shining oak. I was ushered into my room, a large, low chamber, completely panoled from top to bottom. Putting the lamp on a huge oak table that stood like a mirror, she said

"'If you should need more firewood, mounseur, you will find it in the next room. Do not spare it. It is bitter cold, and there will be more than enough firewood in Quessant in two or three days. Good night.'

"I sat down before the blazing fire and prepared for a cozy evening. The storm raged in the narrow streets of the little village. The surges thundered against the granite breast of the coast like endless artillery fire, and sometimes I imagined that the very island trembled under the onslaught of the hundreds of millions of tons of water.

"As I sat listening I gazed into the flames. The wood struck me as strange. And then I wondered. On the entire island there is not a single tree, and yet I had been told not to spare fire wood. There will be more than enough in two or three days.'

"I arose and opened the door into the next room. That room was possibly 20 feet high and was piled almost to the top with timber. First with wonder, then with growing awe, I gazed at the piles of wood. Truly she was right, the little maid, when she said that one need not be economical with firewood on the island of Quessant. There were timbers of every shape—splintered masts and spars, planks from decks and sides, remnants of a steering wheel, benches from the forecastle, yellow, black, brown, white and red woods, even two figureheads, some bright, as if they were new, some crusted with shells and hung with seaweed. In the entire room there was not a piece of wood that did not come from some wrecked ship.

"When I returned to my room, I took the lamp and examined the place closely. I noticed a strange, delicate, yet very insistent fragrance—sandalwood. Thick wooden pillars supported the ceiling. They were of a beautiful dull black—ebony, as I lived. The panels were rosewood, mahogany and cedar. Even an unpracticed eye could see that all these precious woods once had cemented the cabins of noble ships. The heavy carved chairs, the polished oaken table, even the bed in which I was to sleep, all came from shipwrecks.

"Now I understood the meaning of the words 'stand rights.' In favor of this island, far away from the world and murderous for the ships that ply the world together, Æolus, wild, bride of the winds, is more powerful than is Ceres to the multitudes, with her harvest

McKean County Miner

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, AUG., 15 1901.

Republican Ticket.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. W. BOYD,
of Bradford.

FOR CORONER,
B. H. HALL, M. D.,
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
B. G. BARTLE,
of Port Allegany.

SHAMROCK II, Sir Thomas Lipton's cup challenger reached New York on Sunday evening last.

DAVID NATION has brought suit for divorce from his wife, Mrs. Carrie Nation, the temperance crusader.

BRYAN devotes a good deal of the space in his Commoner in explaining how it happened that he was turned down in the Ohio Democratic convention.

FOUR young men of Philadelphia have been arrested for obtaining money on false pretenses by the Union Traction company. The men it has been discovered intentionally threw themselves from cars and were injured and received money from the company for their injuries. This is a peculiar way of beating a corporation.

SIG. CRISPI died in Naples last Sunday evening. The death of Francesco Crispi in his eighty-second year marks the passing of the most interesting figure in modern Italian politics. He was sometimes called the "Grand Old Man," sometimes the Bismarck of Italy. From a simple soldier in the army of Garibaldi he became dictator of the kingdom.

DR. ROBERT S. MCARTHUR, pastor of Calvary Baptist church, New York, lectured at Chautauqua last week. He spoke on Russia and said, "Unless Great Britain and the United States stand together, Russia will rule the world. We may not all approve of England's conduct in her war with the Boers, but no intelligent American would wish to see the mother conntry's humiliation, for England's humiliation would mean Russia's exultation, and Russia's exultation would mean Liberty's strangulation."

ALEXANDER SEGURA, a detective in the employ of the Italian government, is credited by the New York Journal and Advertiser with the statement that Bresci was not the man who killed King Humbert of Italy. The man who killed King Humbert is, according to Segura, one Luigi Granotti, a former comrade of Bresci in Paterson, who stood at Bresci's side when the latter fired on the king. Granotti is said to have fired the fatal shot after Bresci had thrice discharged his revolver without effect. This discovery was made by Segura, he maintains, while he was working in the guise of a silk mill hand among the anarchists of Paterson.

GEN. MILES fears no foe on the battle field. He has no fear of newspaper interviewers or kodak fiends. He is not afraid of criticism on account of his assumption of General Grant's title of "Lieutenant General," made possible by a personally conducted arrangement in securing legislation on the subject. In fact it has long been known that the General is a total stranger to fear and that fear and Miles never speak as they pass by. Yet it is said that the General has been rudely shocked by the dancing of the houchie-couchie in the Midway's reproduction of the "Beautiful Orient." Gen. Miles says that the muscle dance of the Oriental maidens is unfit for cadets or other innocent young things to look at. It appears the cadets may indulge in hazing amusements without injury to their morals, but the baneful dance of the East should be eliminated when they are nigh. Gen. Miles has not yet declared martial law on the "Streets of Cairo," but if he should accidentally receive a second shock by another exhibition of muscular elasticity on the part of the girl dancers of the East, something serious may follow. He may decide not to visit that part of Laughter Lane again.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Aug. 12, 1901.

The United States Government declines to get excited over the latest peanut revolution in Central America, notwithstanding the hysteria of certain gentlemen who have business interests over there. We have a treaty with Colombia by which the neutrality of the Panama railroad is guaranteed, and if Colombia cannot enforce that treaty, this government will do so with its naval forces, as it has done before. The gunboat Machias has been ordered to proceed to Colon, the eastern terminus of the Panama railroad, and it is believed that no stronger force will be needed to protect American interests on the Isthmus, but as a precautionary measure, the cruiser Ranger now on the Pacific coast, has been ordered gotten in readiness so she can be sent to the Pacific side of the Isthmus should it be thought necessary. This government has nothing to do with the war between Colombia and Venezuela, which seems to have grown out of the revolution against the government of Colombia, will not interfere in any way unless it becomes necessary for the protection of American interests. That is the whole story in a nutshell, which has started all of the yellow journals to yawping and predicting that we are about to become involved in an European war on account of the little rumpus on the Isthmus.

Hon. Wm. E. Chandler's protest to the Navy Department against the personal attack made upon him and his administration of the Navy Department by Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, in his recently published book, resulted in the writing and publication of a letter of censure to Evans by acting Secretary Hackett. Evans was doubtless glad to get out of the scrape so easily, but it is understood that all Mr. Chandler wished was to have the Navy Department placed on record as opposing the right of any naval officers to publicly criticise the official acts of the Secretary of the Navy, either while he is in office or afterwards. This he has done.

The Insular Division of the War Department was not, when established, intended to be a bureau for the promotion of matrimony, but a glance over its correspondence files shows that it has been indirectly the cause of many marriages, and Col. Edwards, its capable and courteous chief, is in doubt as to whether he deserves praise or condemnation for the unpremeditated results. The epidemic of marriage was brought about by the regulations adopted by the division for the transportation of teachers for the public schools in the Philippines, which provided that the person directly dependent upon the teacher might, if practical, be furnished free transportation upon a government transport. That was enough of a hint for a number of bright young fellows who had been appointed teachers, and the division was at once overwhelmed with applications for transportation for brides, as "the person directly dependent upon the teacher." Inasmuch as the teachers alone were a severe tax upon the transportation facilities of the government, this was decidedly embarrassing, but Col. Edwards, who is a sympathetic man, was equal to the occasion, and no bride was left behind. All records for the carrying of brides were broken by the transport which carried the brides to the Philippines, and Uncle Sam doesn't regret his bridal present of free passages, whatever some of the brides may do later. By the way, it is officially announced that all appointments of teachers will hereafter be made by Mr. Fred W. Atkinson, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Philippines, whose address is Manila. The announcement was made to stop applications being sent to the War Department. There will be very few more appointments, anyway, except to fill vacancies.

A late Census bulletin shows that Michigan has 1,248,995 males, 1,172,077 females, and 540,653 foreign born residents; Minnesota, 932,409 males, 818,904 females, and 505,318 foreign born; Mississippi, 781,451 males, 769,819 females, and 7,891 foreign born. In the first two states the colored population is less than one per cent; in Mississippi it is just a little less than fifty-nine per cent.

Once more the Treasurer of the United States, has denied one of the periodical stories, usually originating abroad and used to defraud those who can be duped into believing them, alleging that the United States Treasury held a large sum in trust for the heirs of a man who deposited it there. This time, the man's name was given as Dembitzky, a Pole, who was said to have deposited the money there just previous to being killed while fighting in the Union army during the civil war. It is needless to say to those who are acquainted with the principles under which our government is run, that the United States is not and cannot act as a trustee for private individuals; consequently it holds no private funds in trust, but the ignorant and even some intelligent persons in our own country do not know this, as often as it has been stated in connection with this sort of thing, and naturally a story of this sort is readily accepted by the credulous in other countries, often to their cost.

Under a decision of the Comptroller of the Treasury, Secretary Wilson can use in his discretion, an appropriation of $20,000 in the Agricultural Bill for the current fiscal year, to pay what will in effect be an export bounty on American fruits, in his efforts to build up a foreign market for our fruits. The money will be carefully spent on a plan that is yet to be perfected, and will, it is believed, demonstrate that a large and profitable export trade in American fruits can be built up with a little intelligent effort.

Another Hitch at Pekin.

New York Tribune.

It might seem ungracious to say, "Just as was expected!" at the news of another hitch at Pekin, and yet it would be the simple truth. Or, at least, "Just as might have been expected." It may be that some really supposed a final agreement had been reached among the powers on the indemnity question, and looked for a prompt signing of the protocol by the representatives of all. If so, they judged too hastily and on insufficient grounds. There has never, so far as we are aware, been any assurance that all were prepared to sign, or any substantial intimation that all would do so. Especially has there been no reason for expecting Great Britain to assent to a scheme which would cost her many times as much, as the entire indemnity which she is to receive. There may have been an idea that at the last moment the British Government could be induced to assent; but, if so, there was no good ground for it. John Bull can be particularly resolute when he tries, especially when his pocketbook or his commerce is at stake.

The grounds of the British refusal to sign the protocol are not disclosed in current dispatches, but it is to be assumed they are identical with those on which Great Britain has all along opposed the measure in hand, to wit, the proposed increase of customs. The case is a simple one. Great Britain has the vast bulk of China's foreign trade, and as it is practically all seaborne she has to pay tariff on all goods imported into China. The proposed doubling of the tariff rates would therefore cost Great Britain millions of dollars a year and seriously affect her trade with China. Russia, on the other hand, has only a small land trade with China, to which the tariff regulations do not apply, and which therefore would not be injured, but in fact would probably be benefitted by the increase of the maritime customs. That tells why Russia is so eager to have the tariff doubled, and why Great Britain is so earnestly opposed to such a measure. The United States and Japan, being the next largest traders with China, have naturally taken the same ground as Great Britain, though they have not held it so resolutely as to threaten a defeat of the protocol, as Great Britain is now doing.

The point is further emphasized by the fact that while Russia is demanding an enormous indemnity, largely sheer "smart money," Great Britain, Japan and the United States are asking very small indemnities, with no hint of smart money about them. The Russian proposal, therefore, to which Great Britain objects, is tantamount to a demand that the countries which are getting the smallest indemnities shall be specially taxed to pay the indemnities of those which are getting the largest. That is a most extraordinary proposition, which on grounds of simple equity ought never to prevail. It is, of course, highly desirable that an agreement shall be reached and signed at the earliest possible date. But it ought to be practicable to do that without working manifest injustice to several of the nations. The Chinese Empire contains so many sources of revenue, if only they were properly administered, apart from the customs, that it seems foolish to meddle with the latter, and thus to check even to a small degree that intercourse with the outer world which is the foremost means of civilizing and enlightening the empire.

Our Rights on the Isthmus.

Philadelphia Press.

President McKinley's Administration has acted without hesitation in view of a threatened disturbance to safeguard the rights of the United States on the Isthmus of Panama. The battleship Wisconsin has been ordered to Panama on the Pacific side of this narrow neck of land and the gunboat Machias to Colon. Between them these vessels will furnish an abundant force to control the isthmus and guarantee transit from ocean to ocean.

It is now over half a century since the United States assumed responsibility for the maintenance of unchecked travel over the isthmus. In 1846, by a treaty with New Grenada, now Colombia, it was provided in the thirty fifth article that the right of transit over the isthmus "should be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States," and this country at the same time guaranteed the neutrality of the isthmus and agreed to protect it from foreign aggression.

Both Secretary Seward and Fish held that this does not require the United States to suppress domestic insurrection or prevent wandering bands from occupying the railroad line or the two cities at each end as long as travel is uninterrupted. Free insurrection is one of those Spanish American customs with which this country does not as yet interfere.

But whenever either insurrection or due regular authorities interfere with free transit the United States has a right to interfere. "This obligation" as Attorney General Bates said in 1864, "must be performed by any and all means which may be found lawful and expedient." Under this large power the United States has forbidden a tonnage tax on American vessels in either terminal port, refused New Grenada in 1850 the authority to levy a capitation tax on passengers, declined to submit, 1856, "to an exorbitant local taxation of its mail matter passing over the isthmus road" and from Secretary Clayton to Secretary Blaine warned first New Grenada and later Colombia that any treaty with European Powers must be made subject to the revision of the United States, whose guarantee of neutrality and good order on the isthmus. As Secretary Blaine wrote Minister Lowell in 1881, "does not require recognition or accession or assent from any other Power."

These broad powers, not always remembered in discussion upon the neutralization of an isthmian canal, have been in existence for fifty-five years. They have been repeatedly exercised. They create rights which, as Secretary Clayton declared, the United States can exercise "unasked." As a matter of courtesy the United States has preferred to wait until Colombia asked interference or until interference was clearly necessary, but the United States is and must be the only judge of the necessity for this interference. Whatever is necessary to preserve free transit between Colon and Panama or to maintain the security and neutrality of the isthmus the United States has a right to do at its own discretion.

Reduced Rates to the Seashore

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has arranged for four low-rate fifteen-day excursions for the present season from Erie, Rouseville, Tionesta, Rochester, Bradford, Clermont, DuBois and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Anglesea, Wildwood or Holly Beach on Thursdays, August 8, 22, and September 5, 1901.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

Stop over can be had at Philadelphia, either going or returning.

For information in regard to specific rate and time of trains consult hand bills, apply to ticket agents, E. S. Harris, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or J. A. Fellows, Division Ticket Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

Good Advice

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. More than seventy-five per cent of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects; such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burning Pains at the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and Disagreeable Taste in the Mouth, Coming up of Food after Eating, Low Spirits, etc. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle of August Flower for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

The McKean County Miner at Atlantic City.

For the convenience of our readers who may visit Atlantic City this summer we have arranged to have the latest files of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER always on file at the Philadelphia Inquirer's Seashore Bureau on Young's Pier at that popular resort. The Inquirer has, at great expense, fitted up commodious reading and writing rooms on Young's Pier where every attention will be shown its guests.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sarsaparilla and Gravel Kidney Pills free. Send stamp for booklet. Dr. Hobbs Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Difference.

It takes all kind of people to make a world, and that fact was illustrated in a peculiar way not long ago in New York. To those who read of the incident it may occur that some pains ought to be taken to sort out different types of humanity and consider which is best worth encouraging.

There is a line of coast steamships plying between New York and Boston, which owns as its mascot a small woolly dog known as Pete. He has traveled to and fro on one steamer or another for several years, and has always been well treated. One day during the recent hot weather, a lot of boys were swimming near one of the steamers which was tied up in New York harbor, and it occurred to them that they wanted a little fun. So, what did they do but catch Pete, who was loafing about in a sociable and friendly way, and threw him into the river. Not content with that, they began pelting him with stones when he tried to swim ashore. To many people it will seem strange that there should be any fun in that sort of thing, but there is. The more miserable a defenseless animal can be made and the longer he can be made to fight for a chance of life before being finally killed, the more amusement there is in it for some folks. The folks who take their sport in this fashion would see no fun in things which other civilized human beings regard as highly desirable. Their idea of heaven would possibly be a place in which they would have an unlimited number of helpless creatures, brute or human, but preferably human, to torment as they chose. The chances are that if these boys could, without danger of punishment, have gotten hold of a smaller boy and treated him just as they did Pete, they would have been still more amused.

In default of anything better, however, Pete did very well. But in midst of the entertainment the watchman came on the scene, and he was an old man and fond of the dog. Strangely enough, he was one of the people who fail to see fun in things of this kind. He told them to stop. He was on shore and the boys were in the water, and they had the advantage and knew it. They kept on having fun, and presently a stone struck Pete on the head and he began to sink. The old watchman did not stop to take his clothes off. He jumped head first into the river and swam toward the dog. His head was hit by a floating beam and he was stunned. Then a fifteen-year-old boy, who had taken no part in the previous sport, came along, and saw what was doing, and he leaped into the water and rescued the old man, and then pulled the dog out with a boat hook. Both recovered, and the dog insisted on going where the watchman went.

There are many persons, including the boys whose amusement was so summarily interfered with, who will say that this was a good deal of a fuss to make over a dog, and that a human life is worth more than that of an animal. Undoubtedly it is. But that is not just the question. When a fireman risks his life to save that of a crippled child in a tenement-fire, we do not reason in that way. We do not argue that he ought to weigh the worth of his life with that of a child, and sit down on the sidewalk and let the child burn to death. It is obvious that the mere value of his act of heroism is worth something to the community aside from its direct consequence. The same is true in this case. It is unlikely that the boys threw that little dog into the water and stoned him will amuse themselves in just that way again, when the watchman is, and perhaps some of them were sufficiently ashamed of themselves to refrain from such performance for the rest of their lives. A great deal of such cruelty is more thoughtlessness than anything else. One boy, stronger, more active or more curious than the rest, sets the fashion and the rest join in. The difference between different "crowd," "set" or "gang" of boys is not so much in the character of the rank and file as in that of their leaders.

At any rate, there were concerned in this incident two opposite types of humanity—the type which delights in inflicting pain and that which is willing to suffer to prevent pain being inflicted. It is likely that many of those who came to know about it did a little thinking about the desirability of allowing the former type to perpetuate itself. It was a sort of object lesson, which would hardly fail to have some effect.

The spirit which sets a "gang" of boys, egged on by two or three leading spirits, to torture and kill a helpless animal is very much the same as that which insists on lynch law as a substitute for justice. During the season, several years ago, when there was a general hydrophobia scare in this country, a great many harmless dogs were probably chased down and killed at one time or another because the cry was started by some sensation-lover that they were mad. Among people who are in the habit of disregarding the rights and sufferings of others, it is quite as easy for some thoughtless person to gather a mob to hunt mad and whatever may be said of the right of an indignant community to take the law in its own hands when crime is clearly proved, there is no possible excuse for such an action when the prisoner is not absolutely known to be guilty. The statistics of lynch law show that a considerable percentage of those who have been lynched at one time or another had not been proved guilty, or anything like it. They were merely suspected. The lawlessness which caused their deaths is exactly the same in principle as that of these young New York wharf rats, and it ought to be suppressed wherever found.

A Southern Cure for Strikes.

Tampa, Fla., is a center of the cigar manufacturing business. It has also a large population of Spaniards and Cubans. Both these facts are due to its nearness to Cuba and the ease and frequency of communication with that island. The character of the population and the nature of the work have bred frequent labor troubles, from which the prosperity and business of the place has greatly suffered. One of these strikes is now in existence in Tampa, causing privations among the working classes and loss of trade to the business community.

The people of Tampa endured the situation for a long time, but at last their patience was exhausted and they took summary measures to end the trouble and restore business to its natural channels. The novel plan they adopted has brought the strike into prominence and suggested a new way of ending labor troubles. The scheme was as follows: A large open-air meeting was called, ostensibly in the strikers' interest, the purpose being to bring all the men prominent in the labor organization together. The crowd had collected and the band was playing when suddenly a party of determined men appeared who seized the leaders of the strikers, placed them in carriages and conveyed them to some unknown place where they are still held. Everything was done in good order, not a blow being struck or a shot fired, the crowd being awed by the boldness and decision of the arresting party.

The movement, of course, was a lawless one, and as usual those who arranged and carried it out are declared to be among the best men in the city. It is on a par with the lynching policy which prevails to so great an extent in the South and which permits a mob to take a man and, on its own responsibility, hang or shoot him. The proclamation issued by those who kidnapped the strike leaders is another example of the same spirit. It says: "To the Anarchists and professional labor agitators we say that your days in Tampa are at an end. We cannot and will not permit you to destroy this prosperous city. If you have regard for your safety you will shake its dust from your feet. In conclusion we notify the manufacturers that this movement of citizens is not in your interest, but in the interest of the entire community." Another proclamation is expected telling the strikers that they must go to work or more of them will be seized and sent away, as they will be allowed no longer to block the wheels of industry.

The plan has no commendable but some amusing features. It has struck terror into the hearts of the strikers, who without their leaders are thrown into confusion and terrorized by the show of force. The strikers and leaders there are nearly all Cubans and Spaniards, of an excitable nature and easily aroused to acts of violence. The public will not approve of this plan of ending a strike, but it will await developments with a good deal of interest and watch and see whether the labor situation in Tampa is improved by the summary methods adopted.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Subscribe for the MINER.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA. TO BE PUBLISHED BEFORE THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing ... to the Constitution ...

Be it ... by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met (That the Constitution be amended as follows, to the ... Section ... of Article ... thereof.

And it is hereby ... That the first paragraph of said section ... be amended to read as follows, the remainder of said section to remain unchanged: ... That the ... shall be ... by the ... Every ... shall ... the following qualifications, that is to say: ... And ... shall ... the ... Assembly ... and ... the ... Assembly ... the ... of ... the ... Assembly ... the ... of ... the ... Assembly ... the ... of

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

We wish to call your attention to the reduction in Summer wear. Our entire line of ladies' shirtwaists in white and colored. See prices quoted:

50 cent waist at 39c.
75c waist at 50c.
$1.00 waist at 75c.
$1.25 waist at 95c.
$1.50 waist at $1.12.
$2.50 waist at $2.00.

Ladies' Linon Suits in all colors
Were $5.00 now $3.75.

Ladids' Linon, Pique and Duck Skirts
Were $1.50 now $1.10.

Ladies' Sailor Hats
Were 50c now 39c.
Were 75c now 50c.
Were $1.00 now 75c.

Children's Straw Hats
Were 25c now 19c.
Were 50c now 39c.
Were $1.00 now 75c.

The Satisfaction of Winning Out.

There can be no satisfaction in competing for work, some say. But there is satisfaction. It is the satisfaction of winning out. Not on the price—we don't mean that; but on quality and service. That's what counts. To do perfect plumbing is good. To do it at a fair price is better. And to get it done promptly is best. Why not trust a trusty plumber for your work.

H. H. Redfield,
Hardward and Plumbing,
Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice!

Having just moved into our new store, next to Fry & Herzog's, we invite you to call and note our low prices in millinery and ladies' summer furnishings.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN,
Next Door to Fry & Herzog's,
Smethport, Pa.

LUMBER

all kinds

Shingles
Lath
Doors
Windows
Lime
Porch Posts
Cements
Newels
Wall Plaster
Rail, &c.
Brick
Sewer Pipe
Tile Chimneys.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Attend the ball game this afternoon.

—Pay your subscription now and save money.

—Several new legal notices this week. Read them.

—The merry-go-round is here and the young people are happy.

—September 20 will be Pennsylvania Day at the Pan American.

—Tidioute vs. Smethport at Nelson street grounds this afternoon.

—An interesting new ad occupies the space of Fry & Herzog this week.

—Austin, Potter county, has several cases of scarlet fever within its limits.

—A corn roast was held by twenty-five young people from town at Burbank's crossing Monday night.

—Now is the time to pay your subscription. See special inducement on second page, bottom last column.

—Mrs. Nina Rumsey gave a tea to a few of her lady friends at her home on Mechanic street last Thursday evening.

—Letters remaining in the postoffice for week ending Aug. 10, 1901: C. P. Gorsett, Miss Holleran, Selma Swanson.

—Capt. F. A. Magee died at his home in Kane last Friday morning, aged 77 years. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Bucktails.

—Prof. Yingling having retired as business manager at the Clarion Normal school all communications should be addressed to Principal A. J. Davis.

—The Biltonville kids trimmed up the town boys Monday afternoon by a score of 8 to 10. The Ormsby ringer was down and outgeneraled our twirlers in the box.

—The Rev. Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church is, "Humility and Exaltation." His evening subject is, "The Religious Significance of the Last Census."

—"Bob" Gaskin, manager of the Hemlocks, a ball team composed of boys between the ages of 12 and 16 years, says he wishes to challenge any team in the county of a similar age to meet his Hemlocks, either at home or abroad.

—The glassworkers of the Camp factory defeated the glassworkers of the Hamilton & Hilton factory at baseball Tuesday by a score of 22 to 2.

—The people of Clarion are generously offering the use of their houses for Normal students, so many of them are induced to enter school on account of free tuition. The fall term opens September 10th.

—The music committee of the Methodist church has decided to place the responsibility for the music of the church with the organist and is receiving applications for the position through S. L. Fry, Secretary.

—The Holley Manufacturing company of this city has entered two motor-cycles in the international races for machines of that calibre at the Pan-American meeting to be held in the Stadium on next Friday and Saturday afternoons.—Bradford Era.

—We have extended the time for receiving back subscriptions at $1.00 per year. This rate, however, only applies to subscriptions due to the present proprietor. See ad on second page and call and settle at once or send in your subscription by mail.

—Sidney H. Brougham, of Colegrove, has purchased E. R. Vincent's bicycle repair shop on corner of Fulton and Water streets and is prepared to do all kinds work of this kind. He carries a full line of sundries and is a first-class workman. Watch for display advertisement next week.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald is responsible for the following: Dwellers in the sweltering cities of the country will undoubtedly rejoice to learn that all is not lost, and that the devil is not entirely in charge of the weather bureau. There was a good substantial frost in the Marvin creek valley Sunday night, August 4th, and the prospects for snow have been very encouraging on several days during the week.

—On Sunday evening next the choir of St. Luke's church will sing "Gallia." This great work was composed by Charles Gounod during the siege of Paris by the German army under Bismarck, and is a representation in music of the feelings of the great composer while confined in the city during the siege. He likens the condition to that of ancient Jerusalem during the siege through which it passed as depicted in the bible.

—Simon Burns, president of L. A. 300, offers to give as large a percentage of his salary to the Amalgamated Association as national officer, ex-officer or member of any organization in this country, and he further says: "If those labor leaders will pay us high a per cent of their salaries as I, then all suffer, as president of Window Glass Workers Local Assembly 300 goes to the Amalgamated Association."

—Experienced advertisers usually decline to go into any scheme of advertising until they have made an ample appropriation for newspaper space. The manager of the Harris-Emory company (the leading dry goods house in Iowa) was asked to invest in a blotter "ad" but he said: "No, if I should do that it would mean so much less for newspaper advertising, which we know is the kind that pays.—Philadelphia Record.

—On Saturday last we (the printers) met the glassworkers on the diamond and we are theirs. They slaughtered our twirlers and routed us completely. The score was 27 to 2 and the details are too painful and soul harrowing for publication. We may meet them again at some future time, but we are too ill, both in mind and body, to contemplate such a rash measure at present. When in conversation with any of us, gentle reader, please refrain from touching on this, to us, most delicate subject.

—An attempt to experiment with the human species is attracting the attention of all France. It takes the form of a giant competition at Rouen and already shows a startling number of abnormal statures in France. From the south there has appeared in Paris on his way to Rouen a young man, not yet 22 years old, who is 9 feet 2 inches tall and is still growing. He weighs 448 pounds and measures 98 inches around the chest. It has been arranged that he marry an English girl who is 8 feet 3 inches in height.

—Yesterday afternoon while a party were out horrying just back of Jerome English's place on the Smethport road, a young Swede, who is employed as a domestic at the home of A. W. Anderson on the Green road, was struck by lightning and quite seriously injured. She had stooped down to pin up her dress, when she was struck, and this is thought to be the reason why she was not instantly killed. She was rendered unconscious, but soon rallied, and is in a fair way to recover. She has only been in this country about four weeks.—Kane Republican, Friday.

—Benjamin Keesler was arrested on a charge of cruelty to animals Monday night. Last September he took possession of a horse belonging to C. M. Benson of Colegrove, which was standing in front of a store on Main street, this borough, and ran the horse up and down the street for some time. The horse was seriously damaged from overdriving. A warrant was sworn out for Keesler at that time but he made good his escape and was only captured Monday night when he came home. He was bound over to court in the sum of $300, in default of which he was committed to jail.

—Through the failure of a telegraph operator to deliver a train order at Carman, Pa., on the middle division of the B., R. & P. railroad Sunday morning, a serious head end collision occurred between Carman and Carman Interchange. Six men were injured, ten cars derailed; the forward portions of both engines were stove in and the B., R. & P. track and that of the Pennsylvania railroad, running alongside, were blockaded for several hours. The injured are: Conductor James Gillespie, Engineer C. J. Wilkes, Fireman J. C. Wilcox, Conductor T. J. Riley, all of Bradford; A. D. Smith of Johnsonburg and M. Brechtell of Rasselas, Pa. Gillespie is the only one who was dangerously injured and it is thought he will recover.

—Judge Reynolds of East Smethport is receiving flattering encouragement from his many friends in this section of the county in his contest for the county commissionership nomination. In a conversation with the writer the Judge said: "I shall depend mainly on my congenial personality to win in this contest. There has been of late a too lavish and indiscriminate expenditure of money in contests of this character. Win or lose it cannot be said that I descended to the reprehensible and corruptible methods in vogue among latter day seekers for political self aggrandizement. Tell the voters of old McKean that I shall make a herculean endeavor to see them all, even if I have to purchase a horse and carriage to make the rounds. Later on I will have more to say for publication."

—Governor Stone approved on June 14 an act which provides that any county treasurer is authorized to issue a license to any person to hawk, peddle or sell within the county where the license is granted, clothing, dry goods, notions, crockery and tinware other than their own manufacture. Each person shall pay for such yearly license the sum of ten dollars when the peddling is done on foot and forty dollars where a horse and carriage or other vehicle is used. The act does not apply to persons selling goods of their own manufacture nor to disabled soldiers or marines who are unable to procure a livelihood by manual labor. The penalty for not procuring a license is, upon conviction in the court of quarter sessions, a fine of not less than $5 or imprisonment in the county jail for not less than three months or more than one year, at the discretion of the court. The act does not affect cities of the first, second and third classes, nor any existing local or special laws now in force.

Dog Saved Sick Man's Life.

The Potter Enterprise publishes the following in its last issue:

John Allmon, of Corning, owes his present good health to the sacrifice of the life of his faithful dog, says a Williamsport paper. Allmon who is nineteen years old, came to Corning a year and a half ago. He was afflicted with consumption, and his relatives despaired of his recovery. Some one suggested a novel remedy to the young man. He was told to take a dog to bed with him, and that in time a cure would be effected. He did so, and although his health grew steadily better, the dog fell ill and was afflicted with a hacking cough like that which previously troubled his master. The animal grew thin and declined to eat, and finally died, exhibiting all the symptoms of consumption. His master has fully recovered, and not a trace of tuberculosis remains. Neighbors familiar with the facts believe the dog cured Allmon of the dreaded disease.

Habit-Back Skirts.

Many of the best-dressed women of Paris, London and New York will wear habit-back skirts this season. The September Delineator illustrates several of them. Paper patterns for the month have just arrived. Our patrons are urged to visit our paper pattern department and investigate. Fashion sheets free at McCoy's Drug store, Odd Fellows block.

All the latest newspapers, magazines and periodicals can be found at Gaskins & Grant's news stand. Leave your order and they will be delivered at your door without extra cost.

Razors, shears and cutlery of best makes at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Sheriff Clarke visited Bradford on Monday.

D. L. Forsyth is visiting in Buffalo this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford L. Fry returned from Buffalo Saturday.

O. T. Todd, of Port Allegany, was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Victor Pigot of Bradford spent Sunday with friends in town.

Edward McLean left Monday for a visit to his home in Canada.

Mrs. N. H. Knapp and children are visiting Bradford relatives this week.

Roy Marvin of Lockport was the guest of friends in town a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Paterson and Miss Mabel Webber visited Rock City Monday.

Mrs. A. J. Laley and son, Robert, of Bradford were guests of friends in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Todd returned home Tuesday from a visit to the Pan American.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp leaves next Monday for a four weeks' visit to her old home in Boston, Mass.

Ray Walters and Cort Corwin are among the Smethport visitors at Emporium this week.

Mercantile Appraisers Alfred Evans and son, of Kane, were visitors in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove left Tuesday for Buffalo, where they will visit the Pan American.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean were among the Pan American visitors who returned home Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Boylstein, of Allegheny, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. William Andorfer, of Water street.

Mrs. Kate Christley, of Sistersville, W. Va., and Miss Bessie Scanlon, of Colegrove, were Smethport visitors Friday.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce is visiting Warren friends. Dr. Pierce rode his wheel to that place Saturday, returning Monday.

Miss Allena Poure, who has been visiting friends in town for sometime, returned to her home in Bradford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Camp returned home Tuesday from an extended visit to New Castle and other cities in that section.

J. W. Voorhees, wife and child returned home Sunday evening from an extended visit to Buffalo, Pittsburg and Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Schoonmaker and Miss Hazel Shur, of Buffalo, returned home after having visited in town the past two weeks.

Mrs. Kate Hooker, John A. Hooker and wife of Brookings, S. D.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Parsons of Elkland, S. D., and Mrs. F. C. Hyde of Emporium are visiting friends in Smethport.

Smethport 7, Tidioute 9.

Smethport and Tidioute played the first game of a double-header yesterday afternoon with the above result. They play again to-day on the Nelson street grounds, game called at 1 p. m.

A fair-sized crowd was in attendance yesterday, and while the locals put up a good fight for the game, they were weak in spots as the error column shows. McCabe had an off day, much to the surprise of ardent fans. Nelson had his troubles at first, and one or two others made costly errors. Servatius pitched excellent ball and was well backstopped by Tom Young. Fuller made three hits, one of them a three-bagger, which brought in two runs.

For the visitors McMillan was the brightest star and aside from his good work at first did some stunts in base stealing. Tull played center field for Tidioute. His playing made little difference in the result. Cameron pitched steadily allowing us free passes to first and equalling Servatius' mark of nine strike-outs.

Summary:

SMETHPORT	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Croissant, r.f.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Fuller, l.f.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Bell, s.s.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Knapp, c.f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
McCabe, 2b.	4	1	1	2	1	1
Bailey, 3b.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Servatius, p.	4	1	1	1	9	0
Nason, 1b.	4	1	1	8	0	1
Young, c.	4	1	1	6	1	0
	36	7	10	24	12	3

TIDIOUTE.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMillan, lb.	4	3	1	12	0	0
Allen, r.f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Hamilton, c.	3	0	0	6	1	0
Orbin, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Hawes, 2b.	4	0	0	4	4	0
R. Nelson, c.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Tull, l.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Cameron, p.	4	1	1	0	5	0
G. Nelson, s.s.	4	2	1	0	3	0
	36	9	6	25	14	0

By innings:									
Smethport	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6
Tidioute	0	0	3	0	0	2	4	0	9

Soldiers Welcomed.

Bradford welcomed the return of the McKean county veterans who served in the Philippines on Monday evening last. It was done in true Bradford style which is always the best.

Hon. Thos. A. Morrison, president judge of this county, made the address of the evening and paid many tributes to the gallant boys. At the close of the remarks he showed a fac simile of the medals to be presented to the soldiers (the badges had not yet arrived and could not be presented) and read the roster which is as follows: Capt. Lester Simons, Lieut. Joseph Wilson, Corporal DeWitt G. Duffee, Corporal Harry Prue, Corporal Joseph Scott, Anthony Larkins, Justin Riley, William B. Jones, Guy Bogardus, Lewis Pippen, D. B. Croker, Lewis Hayes, Allen Duncan, Arthur McCadden, Richard Dabl, Ernest Genung, Newman E. Smith, George Hayes, James Morgan, Burt Stanley, George Schermerhorn and Norman E. Green.

Capt. Simons responded to the presentation address for the soldier boys in a very pleasing manner and others made short speeches during the evening.

A banquet had been prepared by the Woman's Relief Corps which was enjoyed by the boys after the speechmaking. When the good things were stowed away the floor was cleared for dancing which was enjoyed until a late hour.

It is expected that the medals will be received by the committee to-day.

Sunday Rates and Special Train via B., R. & K. Ry.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., R. & K. Ry. will run a special train for Kane and Kinzua Bridge and intermediate stations, leaving Smethport at 11 a. m. Returning, arrive at Smethport at 6 30 p. m. Fare to Kinzua Bridge 100, Mt. Jewett 15c, Kane 35c.

If you wish to attend a school with good environment and proper moral atmosphere come to Edinboro State Normal. We have free tuition for the coming year. Address the Principal for particulars. Fall term opens September 16.

When you want a stylish conveyance go to Nourse & Richmond's livery. Their cabs are becoming very popular for pleasure parties.

Buy your reading of Gaskins & Grant, and get your shoes shined while you smoke one of their best cigars.

Let there be a full attendance at to-day's ball game this afternoon.

Ice cream freezers at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Correspondence.

LAFAYETTE.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Wilcox and daughter, Edna, returned Saturday after an extended visit among relatives in New York State. Miss Mayme Wilcox of Allegany accompanied them.

Morris Lynch came to from New Jersey Monday, after an absence of nearly two years and is greeting his many friends in this region.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor and sons were guests at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. Oscar Carpenter, over Sunday.

Mrs. D. Dimmick and daughter, May, were calling on friends in Coryville on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crandall and children of Olean visited at the home of F. C. Crandall Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Galutia and son, Guy, of Eldred spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Reuben Moses of Port Allegany spent Sunday at the home of W. E. Windsor.

Mrs. B. M. Nally of Rock Run was a pleasant visitor in town Tuesday.

Rev. Father Brady of Sartwell was in town on Saturday of last week.

James Phalin of Phalin was in town Tuesday.

FARMER'S VALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of Wellsville, have been visiting her sister, Mrs. George Otto, of this place.

Will Cunningham, of East Smethport, was calling on friends in the Valley last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bohem, of Ohio, are visiting her mother, Mrs. E. A. Smith.

Miss Grace Dickerson has been visiting relatives in Clermont for a few days.

Willie Grigsby was visiting relatives and friends in the Valley on Sunday.

Mr. Nate Hovey, of Coleville, passed through our town last Sunday.

Miss Lora Otto is visiting relatives in Portville for a few weeks.

Mr. V. Welch, of Dunkirk, is visiting relatives in the Valley.

D. W. Derby made a business trip to Smethport on Friday.

Miss Ethel Young, of Olean, is visiting relatives in this place.

Miss Edna Hullin called on Miss Nellie McGill last Friday.

Marve Reed was seen our on streets last Sunday.

National Glass Company's Exhibit at Pan-American Exposition.

The above company, which operates twenty-one plants, with main office at Pittsburg, Pa., has erected a complete factory on the Pan-American grounds and show all processes of manufacturing glass from the raw material to the finished product, varying in value from a few cents to hundreds of dollars for each piece.

They also show process of cutting, engraving, etching, decorating and spinning and weaving glass into cloth. They exhibit a full size figure of Miss Maxine Elliott, the celebrated actress, draped with dress woven from glass, and furniture upholstered with glass cloth.

Their exhibit is the only manufacturing exhibit on the grounds and is really the best educational feature of the Pan-American.

Why Some Children are Timid.

How many children have been terrified by stories of the "Bogy Man," of "the wolf that will come and eat them," of "the policeman who will put them in the lockup," till their fear of the dark amounts to positive agony. Bedtime should be an hour inseparably associated with the prayer at the mother's knee, followed by a quiet talk, after which the little one settles down to a restful sleep. But instead how often does it happen that the child is tucked in bed with the admonition, "Now, go right to sleep, like a good boy, for if you don't there's a big dog over there in the corner that'll come and bite you." Up to sleep! Sheer nervous terror keeps the child awake. How can he be expected to grow up anything but timid?—Arthur W. Yale, M. D. in August Woman's Home Companion.

Sunday Excursion to Bradford and Rock City.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., R. & K. Ry. will sell tickets from Smethport to Bradford and return at 75 cents, and to Rock City and return $1 each. Train leaves Smethport at 8.30 a. m. Returning, train arrives at Smethport at 6:30 p. m.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a hunting out of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Halliday of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by H. C. Wells.

Gaskins & Grant, the leading news dealers, carry a large line of tobacco and cigars and there is no better stock to be found in town. Call on them for anything in their line.

Wanted—Five hundred men to call and get a shave at M. J. Norris' tonsorial parlors at Gaskins & Grant's news stand.

Gas stoves—all sizes—Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Stylish Millinery

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Our Line of Trimmed Hats Contains Many Beautiful Creations, that Will be Sold At and Below Cost.

NOTICE.

We, the Supervisors of Foster township McKean county, Pennsylvania, having been directed to open a road to be laid to township from the public road leading from Kew to Degolier who on the road is ading to Wolf Run now in Foster's fire station, Chenango corporation and the same as shown by order of Court, to the township line where it will join on to the road leading to the Wolf Run school house in Keating township, will proceed outside for the opening of said road and the proper duties of the same.

The order of Court for the opening of said road, the width its courses and distances as shown at the mill creek by W. Hastings, both day of Register's Office, by the case in action of the Register of the Court at Smethport in the presence of all parties interested.

All bills to be presented to either of the undersigned on or before the 1st day of September next, when they will be settled by the Supervisors of Foster township, Mckean county, Pennsylvania.

J. W. WRIGHT,
J. H. DIKEMAN,
Supervisors of Foster township, Mckean county, Pennsylvania.

NOTICE.

Whereas, we the undersigned supervisors of Foster township, Mckean county, Pennsylvania, are preparing to issue bonds and raising funds to pay off the Indebtedness of said township, the 'Supervisors' orders or warrants that have been issued and are outstanding claims and expenses of opening a road in said township as laid out by Court.

Now, therefore, this is to request all persons who hold Indebtedness, claims or orders against said township to present the same with the order of the Court to F. W. Hastings at his office in the city of Bradford, Pa., on or before Monday, September 2nd, 1901, that they may be settled and paid, otherwise they will not be entitled to any interest.

In presence of witness with this request is executed hereof.

J. W. WRIGHT,
J. H. DIKEMAN,
Supervisors of Foster Township, Mckean County, Pennsylvania.

AHEAD IN

FURNISHINGS?

Of course we are. We always are, and just now we are more ahead than ever in the line of

CLOTHING.

You can't show more head or a better one than by calling at our store. Perhaps you think our stock is low because it's between seasons. You're right; it is—in price, but in nothing else. There's plenty of it, and we can fit you out with NECKWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS, Etc., in a style that can't be excelled within a hundred miles of Smethport.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

WHAT IS IT?

We just wish to call your attention to the good values we give you in

LUMBER and HARDWARE

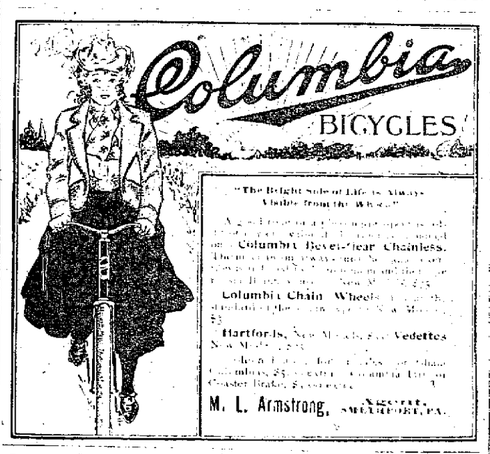
of every description.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

BUILDING MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS,
FLOORING, SIDING, CEILING,
WINDOWS, DOORS,

General Hardware,

STOVES, TINWEAR, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
RUBEROID ROOFING, LYTHITE COLD WATER PAINT,
DRAIN TILE, LIME, SEWER PIPE, CEMENTS, ETC.


Columbia
BICYCLES
"The Bright Side of Life is Always Visible from the Wheel"
Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless.
Columbia Chain Wheels
Hartfords, New Model Vedettes
M. L. Armstrong, AGENT, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

SPECIAL!

We commence a special sale to-day of all our Spring and Summer

Suits and Pantaloons.

You know what this means when we advertise a sale of this kind. It is an immense saving to all those who are going to buy Clothing.

Suits that were $10 now go for $7.50
Suits that were $12 now go for $ 8.50
Suits that were 15 now go for 10.00
Suits that were 18 now go for 12.50
Suits that were $20 now go for $14

These excellent bargains will prevail throughout our Pantaloon Department, also Boys' and Children's. We will give you the same careful attention at this big money saving sale as if you paid the regular prices. All goods sold that are advertised will be spot cash. We positively will not charge during this sale.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.
The Big Double Clothing Store.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

FRY & HERZOG

In order to finish up old lots we will make exceptional price reductions in lines enumerated below.

We take no account of cost or selling prices on these lots. It's a case of quickly running out broken lines of merchandise which we have had unusually good business.

Ladies' Vests.

Low neck. No sleeve
COLUMBIA SILK, in white, pink, blue, lace and lavender.
Regular price 75c
Special this week 55c

"VEGASILK" in cream, pink and lavender.
Regular price 75c
Special this week 50c

LISLE, EXTRA FINE, white only.
Regular price 75c
Special this week 50c

Ladies' Union Suits.

These garment run in long sleeve, high neck and ankle length or no sleeve low neck and knee length, white only.
Regular price 50c
Special this week 35c

A better grade
Regular price $1.00
Special this week 75c

Dressing Sacques.

A few of these very popular garments to select from.

[illegible] Lawns, Percales and Ginghams, in stripes and colors, well made and trimmed in embroidery, lace or braid.
Regular price [illegible]
Special [illegible]
Regular price $1.00
Special [illegible]
Regular price $1.50
Special $1.00
Regular price $2.25
Special $1.50

Sun Bonnets

Regular price 75c
Special 50c

Wash Skirts.

Linens, Piques and Ducks for Ladies and Misses at ⅓ off Regular price.

FRY & HERZOG.

JUST TIRES won't make a bicycle a good one. The tires are important, but there's other things important, too.

"ELDRED" BICYCLES are good clear through. Can't put your finger on a spot and say that it doesn't look sound or the workmanship is defective.

Material and construction is A1 and our guarantee beats them all.

The Eldred Chainless, $65.
The Eldred Chain Wheel, $30 and $40.
Coaster Brakes, $5 extra.

We do first-class bicycle repairing.
We can vulcanize the large holes in your tires which makes them good as new.

Try Us.

THE ELDRED CYCLE & SUPPLY CO.
Store Corner Main and Edson Streets.
ELDRED, PA.

Horses and Cattle.

Give your horses and cattle a rest by using Sure Fly Remedy. Price 75c gallon. Prepared by.

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.
Opposite Court House.
Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

WE NEED ROOM.

And for the next few weeks will be fussing with the masons and carpenters and to get as much of our stock as possible out of the dirt, we will, commencing

Monday, July 29th,

for two weeks make it an object for you to buy

Furniture, Carpets, Mantels.

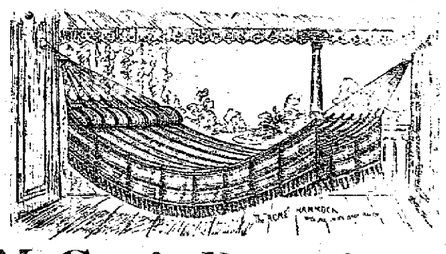
See SLOAN first,

Last and All the Time.

16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

SEASONABLE GOODS

HAMMOCKS, CROQUET SETS, BASEBALL GOODS, BOOKS—YOU WILL FIND IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.



McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Do Your Eyes Deceive You?

If so it is time you had them examined by a competent optician. I have had many years experience in diseases of the eye and can help you. Have your eyes fitted with glasses by a man who understands his business.

Chas. H. Robie
Leading Jeweler & Optician,
122 N. Union Street, Olean, N. Y

LOCAL NEWS.

—Corn roasts are popular.

—For first class printing on the best of paper try the MINER. The prices are reasonable.

—A corn roast was held on the Beckwith farm, just above town, last Saturday night by a number of Smethport's young people.

—In the game of ball between Ormsby and the Cornens of Bradford at Ormsby the visitors won by a score of 17 to 9. The game was largely attended.

—John A. Schreiner of Johnsonburg has been nominated by the Democrats of Elk county for sheriff. Mr. Schreiner is a popular young man and well-known here.

—Sixty-one relatives enjoyed a basket picnic at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford on the Sotheryiew farm at Farmers Valley. It was in the form of a visit with Aunt Kate Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Parsons and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hooker of Brookins county, South Dakota.

—Miss Lucy Holden, a well-known and highly respected resident of Liberty township, died at her home on Comes Creek, Thursday, after a three-months' illness, aged seventy-four years. The funeral is held from Colegrove church to-day at two o'clock and the interment will be made there.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A new threshing machine has been introduced into this country. It is designated a rye thresher and the purpose it serves is to thresh that grain without tangling or injuring in any way the long straw which is automatically tied in bundles as it comes from the machine. Subsequently the bundles are pressed into bales. The bales are shipped to the fancy trade in the cities for stable bedding and other uses.—Wellsboro Gazette.

—Another person has gone blind through the alleged use of Jamaica ginger. Wood alcohol had been used in making the stuff and a suit for damages in the sum of $15,000 has been started in the Baltimore courts. Drinkers of Jamaica ginger who belong to temperance societies will do well to add the sight-destroying beverage to other tabooed decoctions. As a matter of fact the only safe drink for temperance people is water.—Bradford Era.

—The Olean races were successful in every respect. Everything seemed to be on the square and some fast time was made. A peculiar incident happened Friday afternoon which won the applause of all spectators. Boy Simmons, a Bradford horse, stumbled in the last heat of the fourth race and dumped her driver from the sulky. Dave Phillips, owner and driver, dropped the reins at the same time and the animal finished and won the heat without a driver.

—Eldred has a new glass factory in course of erection, and its property owners, according to the Eagle, are making the common mistake of raising rents to an exorbitant rate. A glass factory is of great benefit to any town provided the workers bring their families to the town, but if they do not a town receives little benefit from their coming. Glassworks as a rule are liberal but they will not stay in any town to be robbed through too high rents. Let Eldred landlords take the hint and benefit the town and themselves as well.

—Lightning did considerable damage in this section on Thursday last. The residence of John Cody on Marvin street was struck shortly after noon. The chimney was demolished and the roof was somewhat damaged. None of the occupants of the house were injured more than being frightened. The building was insured and the repairs are being made by C. A. Burdick for the insurance company. Lightning also struck the pipe line of the Smethport Gas company which is being laid on Prospect hill but the damage was not of any consequence.

—Jesse Jamieson, the recognized chief of the Seneca Nation Indians on the Cattaraugus reservation, and one of the most prominent red men in the eastern part of the United States, is dead; Richard Crouse, another red man high in the councils of the Indians, is in a precarious condition, and his son, Linn, is under arrest at Gowanda as the result of a bloody fight which took place on the Crouse farm, about six miles from that village, on Thursday night. Jamieson came home drunk and drove his house keeper, a pretty squaw, out of his home and she took refuge in Crouse's house. Jamieson came after her and the fight commenced.

—On last Thursday, Clarence Raymond, the three and a half year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Young, got hold of a piece of bread and butter which Mrs. Young sprinkled with rough-on-rats and before anyone noticed what he was doing, the little fellow had taken some of it. A physician was hastily summoned and under his care the child seemed to be recovering from the effects of the poison, but yesterday afternoon a change for the worse set in and despite the efforts of the attending physicians, death came about 9 o'clock Friday night. Mrs. Young is unable to tell how the child got hold of the bread, as she placed it on one of the beams in the cellar. The supposition is that the rats knocked it down on the stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Young are among our well known colored people and they have the sympathy of all in their affliction.—Kane Republican.

A Minister's Good Work.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," says Rev. A. A. Poser of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he said, 'No.' I went home and brought him my bottle and gave him one dose; told him to take another dose in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Pennsylvania Railroad Special Rates to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

During the continuance of the Pan-American Exposition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Smethport to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the following rates:

	Buffalo	Niagara Falls
5 day limit, sold Tuesdays and Saturdays not good in parlor or sleeping cars	$3.00	$3.50
15 day limit, good in parlor or sleeping cars	3.80	4.30
Season, final limit November 30, 1901	4.35	5.15

Additional information may be had upon application to ticket agents.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and liver tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cure biliousness, constipation and headache. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

PANTHEISM.

This is thy brother, this poor silver fish,
Close to the surface, dying in his dish;
Thy flesh, thy beating heart, thy very life;
All this, I say, art thou, against thy wish.

Thou may'st not turn away; thou shalt allow
The truth, nor shalt thou shirk to question how.
There is but one great heart in nature beating,
And this is thy heart; this, I say, art thou.

In all thy power and all thy pettiness,
With this and that poor selfish purpose, this
And that high climbing fancy and a heart
Caught into heaven or cast in the abyss,

Thou art the same with all the little earth,
A little part, and tympathy of birth
Shall tell thee and thine openness of soul
What fear is death and what a life is worth.
—"The Poems of Philip Henry Savage."

When the Schoolma'ams Sailed.

BY HARRY A. ARMSTRONG.

Judge Nevins sat on the edge of the drydock whittling and spinning yarns as he was always doing. Not that he was a judge or ever had been, but it shows how a name will stick to a seafaring man through life, for the judge's baptismal name was William. Some one called him judge in the days when he sailed before the mast, and it stuck to him always, like his white hat. Here the judge sat with the calking hammers clattering away around him like spring frogs and the keel of the Mary Ann of Charlevoix as dry as it was before the launch day. Men were at work on a plank slung over the side spilling green paint into the seams with the recklessness rightfully belonging to drunken sailors.

A woman passed along the opposite side of the street. She was listening to the clatter of the mallets and did not see the judge as he stood erect, hat in hand and bowing like a Beau Brummel. The other men giggled a bit, not because a woman was a rare thing on Goose island, but wholly at the judge.

"That is the bravest woman who ever stepped over the side of any craft afloat or on the bottom of the lake," said the judge as he slipped back to his place on the edge of the drydock and began to stroke his beard, which had more gray hair than black in it.

"She—that is to say, that lady—doesn't look afraid of anything, not even the water out of the river!" But the judge paid no attention to the remark of the first mate.

"The Mary Ann of Charlevoix was not so pretty then as she was at first," said the judge half to himself, "but she was just as seaworthy as any of the bigger vessels going up and down the lake under their own steam. When the June vacations came, the Mary Ann lay here in the river without a thing to do. Along came a schoolteacher and asked me what we would charge to take a half dozen or so young ladies sailing up the lake to the Thousand Islands and bring them safely back to Chicago.

"Now, that was a new kind of a cargo, and I had to scratch my head quite a bit before making a price. 'All right, sir,' she said. 'We will come down tomorrow.' And so they came. Every mother's son of us was carrying provisions and getting a stock of fresh meats and things when there broke on a regular babel at the gangplank, and there they came tripping aboard with valises and handboxes and umbrellas and packages and no telling what. Just nine came, and we had no trouble stowing them away in the cabin, my room and the mate's room. But two more came, and then, just as it was getting dark, two more came.

"That made thirteen!

"As a result I had to go out and pick up a new crew in the hope of getting under way before the kind of cargo I carried was known, but I forgot this day was Friday. Something got tangled with the lines, or the anchor chain was rusted, or the wheel had to be fixed. The Mary Ann hugged the wharf till after midnight, when we ran up a light, and a tug came alongside and towed us out into the lake. The young women were all up as we glided along past the big elevator and the shadows of the mast swept across the fields of salt barrels and on into the broader basin beyond the life-saving station.

"We threw off the lines of the tug, and there was such a shouting the lookout at the life saving station would have been excused if he had thought a female lunatic asylum had broken out on the Mary Ann.

"Eat? They could eat anything. I believe they would have fattened on fricassee of rope ends. Oh, it was a jolly lot that drew up to the first breakfast, and the cabin boys had to make several trips to the scullery before the meal was done. Before noon they had minutely examined everything from the rock ballast in the hold to the little flags whipping at the masthead. They even wanted to steer, and sometimes the quartermaster would let them. The ship would luff, and the outfit would laugh and grab at masts and coils of rope as the boat rolled back to the course.

"When the first night came, the mandolins and guitars came on deck, and for hours the voices of women were mingled with the trembling melody of the strings. That, too, came to an end along about midnight, and the whole 13 pulled cots out upon the deck and slept there.

"But I might go on and on about that voyage and not get to the point about this schoolma'am, so we will pass up until we are north of Little Manitou light and four nights out. There came a good fresh wind that rocked the Mary Ann like a cradle. Cots on the deck were shoved in, and the girls were beginning to regret leaving their mothers. One by one they dashed out of the cabin and clutched wildly at the rail. Like spectres, they made their way along the decks until the 13 were there, barefooted, bareheaded and clothed in loose robes of white. We turned the ship's head against the wind and waited.

"Just as daylight was showing the moon sailed out from behind a bank of clouds and shone upon the waters. One of the girls screamed, and I started down to the deck, for I was up by the wheel. 'Man overboard!' she cried, and I met her at the top of the ladder and went back with her.

"'There he is,' she exclaimed, pointing to a dark object in the waves. Then there floated by a bit of wreckage, and I gave orders to bring the boat about and to lower the dory. By the time the boat came around the dory was ready to go down, and four men and a woman jumped in. I looked about me for Mary Wood—that was her name—and she was gone. Four fairly shook me as that little boat went up over a swell and was lost beyond the wave, to come into sight again the next instant. That girl knew her business. She held the shell across the waves till she got ahead of the wrecked man. It was a bold and daring thing to do, but she did it—yes, sir, turned that dory in the trough of the sea and came up to the man in the water.

"He crawled into the boat over the bow, and they all pulled away for the Mary Ann.

"And the even dozen schoolma'ams had forgotten their troubles and were cheering—cheering like a lot of boys at a football game. Finally they came alongside and were hoisted to the deck. Some one got whisky, and the rescued man swallowed it like a hospital patient, but the young woman would have none of it.

"In the course of time the young man got on a shift of dry clothes and told his story. He had been on a passenger steamer when a big wave swept the deck, taking him and the chicken coop and straightening out every foot of coiled rope. His name was Samuel Welling a bank clerk on his vacation. The Mary Ann had 14 passengers from then on. I cannot tell you what was said by him when the mandolins were trembling and the moon was making the whole deck yellow, but I sometimes endeavor to him and see the white waters splitting into lace and diamonds across the figurehead.

"Perhaps it was no affair of mine, but after we got back to Chicago I looked up the fellow and found that he had told the truth and that they were to be married at the beginning of the next vacation.

"It so happened that our luck had changed with that voyage, and the Mary Ann had all she could do the rest of the season. Neither did I have time to busy myself about such affairs for two winters. Then I set out, one blizzardy day in January, to find my former passengers. I found them—that is, I found Samuel, hard about, where he had been for fully a year, and not a cent in the bank. Mary was at her school then, but after awhile she came home and cried when she saw me, as if she had seen her father, and told me how Samuel—she called him Samuel—had fallen one day when he was skating with her and how he had never been able to get to the bank again. More than that, he could not earn a cent, and before she got a school again they were absolutely penniless. But they were sailing again, and two could live on the wages of a teacher.

"Now, that is what I call bravery, and is the reason I said she was the bravest woman that ever was."

And the captain of the Mary Ann of Charlevoix walked across the street of Goose Island.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WORK IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Daily Tasks Performed In Keeping the Lamps Bright.

The duties of the lighthouse keeper are many and important. The top of the tower is usually a tiny room, all glass windows. The lantern is in the center of the room. It is a great prism of glass, in shape like a beehive. The lamp is set into this, and the lenses magnify the comparatively small light of the lamp and make it a great beacon seen far off over the waters. Should the luminant be a dinglight, there is machinery to be wound up every few hours to cause it to revolve. At sunset the keeper climbs the steep steps in the high tower, takes down the curtains that darken it throughout the day and sets the lamp inside the lantern. At midnight the lamp is changed. A freshly filled one is put in the place of the first lighted one.

When storms are raging or fogs prevailing, the keeper stays awake to wind the machinery that keeps the fog signal booming over the water. Many sleepless nights are thus spent by the light keepers in devoted vigil of the aids to navigation. At the gray of dawn the keeper is again climbing the steep iron ladder to the tower top. Before the red rim of the sun appears the lamp is extinguished, the fine prismatic lenses are covered, and the huge panes of glass that form the walls of the room are curtained. The large lamp is carried down the flights of an almost perpendicular ladder and when filled, trimmed and cleaned is ready for the sunset hour. The work of the keeper is not concluded with this feat. The most perplexing portion of the daily routine is now to be performed.

The light keeper must give an account of his stewardship. A record is kept of every gill, pint, quart and gallon of oil that is nightly consumed by the lamps, the fractional parts of inches of wick burned, the lamp chimneys broken and the general consumption of all supplies furnished yearly in large quantities by the government.—Woman's Home Companion.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Currants are delicious when served with bananas. Slice the latter fruit and add plenty of sugar because of the acidity of the currants.

For cleaning a hairbrush use a weak solution of soda and water. When rubbed, shake the bristles well. They will be cleaned without being weakened.

Space in a closet can be much increased by using hangers or wire forms hung on slats put across above the wooden strips that hold the usual hooks.

How do you get the paraffin on top of the jelly? Put a piece that you think when melted will cover the jelly in the glass. Pour the hot jelly in. The wax will come to the top.

When you wash handkerchiefs, collars, etc., put them in a pillowslip before they go into the boiler. You spend no time hailing for them, and they don't get lost or thrown out with the suds.

Pineapple juice drained from the fruit and mixed with currant, lemon, blackberry or raspberry juice makes a delicious drink. A few wedges left to float in the lemonade bowl improves the flavor of that beverage.

All on $60 a Year.

A clergyman by the name of Matheson was minister of Patterdale, in Westmoreland, England, 60 years and died at the age of 90. During the early part of his life his benefice brought him only £12 a year. It was afterward increased to £18, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children and lived comfortably with his neighbors, educated a son at the university and left behind him upward of a thousand pounds.

With that singular simplicity and inattention to forms which characterize a country life, he himself read the burial service over his mother, he married his father to a second wife, and afterward buried him also. He published his own banns of marriage in the church with a woman he had formerly christened, and he himself married all his four children.

Alaskn Driftwood.

No trees grow anywhere on the coast of western and northern Alaska, and yet these shores for thousands of miles and the islands of Bering sea are strewn with immense quantities of driftwood, in places piled high on the beach, bearing good testimony to the work of the rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel and material for canoes, boats and sleds. The entire northeastern half of Bering sea is very shoal, less than 500 feet in depth, while the southwestern half is mostly about 12, 600 feet deep.

Pressed Flowers.

Several methods of preserving the natural color of pressed flowers have been suggested, but the best, it is said, is that used in the New York botanical garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two they are laid in paper heated in the sun, and this is repeated until the drying is completed. This, it is said, preserves the colors perfectly.

She Did as He Advised.

Doctor—What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?

Patient—I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness I was in the hospital.—Tit-Bits.

He Took It.

Host—So sorry you have to be going, Guest—Indeed, I am too. By the way, I'm not sure about my train. It's 9 something, but—

Host's Eldest—It's 9:32. Pa said he hoped you'd take that one.—Philadelphia Record.

LOVE'S MISCARRIAGE.

[illegible]

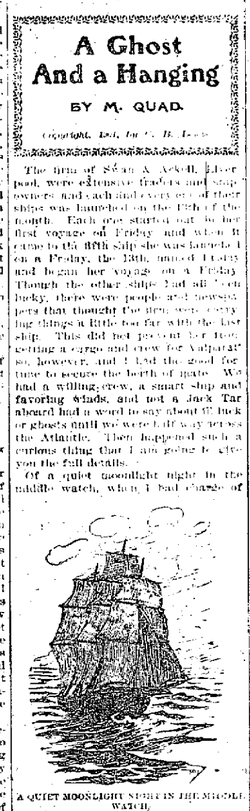
A Ghost And a Hanging

BY M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

The firm of Sears & Axtell, Liverpool, were extensive traders and ship owners and each and every one of their ships was launched on the 13th of the month. Each one started out in her first voyage on Friday and when it came to the fifth ship she was launched on a Friday, the 13th, named Lucky and began her voyage on a Friday. Though the other ships had all been lucky, there were people and newspapers that thought the firm were courting things a little too far with the last ship. This did not prevent her from getting a cargo and crew for Valparaiso, however, and I had the good fortune to secure the berth of mate. We had a willing crew, a smart ship and favoring winds, and not a Jack Tar aboard had a word to say about ill luck or ghosts until we were half way across the Atlantic. Then happened such a curious thing that I am going to give you the full details.

Of a quiet moonlight night in the middle watch, when I had charge of



A QUIET MOONLIGHT NIGHT IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.

the ship, two of the seven men on deck came hurrying aft and informed me that a strange man was skulking about forward. The men were not overexcited, and on my part I took it that we had a stowaway on board. I told them to secure him and bring him aft, and my watch had almost expired when it was reported that the stranger could not be found. Both mates went forward. I reported the matter to the captain, and he had the hatches removed and set a man down to investigate. We were almost full up with cargo, and it did not take long to ascertain that no one was hiding in the two or three open spaces. Had a stowaway been secured below decks it would have been impossible for him to come up, but the hatch was removed to convince the sailors that they had been deceived by a shadow.

The next night at the same hour the stranger reappeared. The second mate had the watch, and as soon as the affair was reported to him he had me called. The incident had been talked over during the day, of course, but these new men had not seen it. The second mate had poked and pried at the other watch for a lot of old women. One man at the wheel and another on lookout and the other three were stationed about waiting for a call when the stranger suddenly appeared among them. He was in his shirt sleeves and had an apron and a paper cap in the apron were a lot of nails, which jingled as he walked. This man came from aft and walked forward on the port side, and, though two or three men shouted after him, he did not pause. The sailors did not take it for a ghost, but just were unwilling to be lost. However, when the carpenter reappeared after about five minutes and was passing aft one of the men stepped out to seize him and said:

"Look here, matey, stop a minute and let us know how you came aboard of this hooker and whose watch you are in."

The sailor's hand clutched the air instead of flesh and blood, and the thing continued on its way aft. Then when I was called, I went down on the main deck among the excited men and heard their yarns, and then we took lanterns and made a thorough search of the decks. I also sent men aloft to the tops. We made no discovery. It was useless to say to a dozen men that their eyes had deceived them. They were sailors above the average in intelligence, and the captain was sensible enough to take a sensible view of the matter. We talked it over at breakfast, and shortly afterward all hands were called aft. They were told that it must be some trickery and were asked to give their assistance in solving the mystery. The ship was searched from stem to stern, but no stowaway was found. Then the captain did that which no other captain would have done. When night came again, he took the second mate and went forward among the men. He scattered them about and gave them instructions, and promptly to the minute the carpenter appeared. This time he showed up forward and walked aft, and at a word from the captain all rushed upon him. They found no substance. As they knocked together and some of them fell on the deck the thing disappeared aft, as if going down into the cabin.

Now, here was a situation. That there was a ghost aboard was the captain could not doubt. He ordered right up to the man that it was a ghost, but at the same time he let the cat out away by stating that the spook showed no desire to harm any one.

There was no sailor among the men. There was never a night of the rest of the voyage that the ghost did not show up, and by the time we reached port it had come to be looked upon as almost one of the crew. Here was a chance for the superstitious to talk about Friday and No. 13 and all that, but there was no such talk among us. I believe that a crowd of lawyers, doctors or merchants would have exhibited more uneasiness than did my men. Not one of them deserted, and the ship was worked home by the same crew that had sailed her out. The ghost was seen by every one of us, and we had to accept the fact that we had a ghost on board. Whether it was the ghost of a man who had been murdered or had died a natural death I cannot say, but I am willing to bet that it was the ghost of a man who had been hanged.

Tame Crow's Pranks.

He was a fat, helpless, ugly creature. We named him Tom, as it grew like the proverbial weed. His pranks and pursuits became more and more interesting as he developed his powers. Small bright objects, such as teaspoons, thimbles and the like, disappeared mysteriously and the stolen property was found in the hollow of a tree. Despite the noisy protests of the crow the party gets continued to do it.

At first I found the best cure for Tom's thieving was to shut him in a cage. I had been mercifully set down as getting up at an unusually hour by a certain Sabbath Pugilistic Club, apparently from the tin cover of veranda roof just outside my window.

On one occasion I caught Tom's peculiar low chuckle of amusement. Sneaking noiselessly to the window, I peeped out. Sure enough, there was Tom and the party gents. Sliding one of his beak, he would fly up about five or six feet, then drop it. The glitter of the tin as it fell through the bright sunshine caught as it struck the roof seemed to afford him the most exquisite pleasure. After he repeated the performance a dozen times or more, calling as he heard the housemaid open the front door, by neatly pushing his shining toy into an angle of the roof, where it was beyond reach except to the Tabbies' House Journal.

Question Number Two.

The sexton of a certain country church usually makes the ghost of an opportunity and is not above giving what he describes as "a gentle hint" to the sightseer.

The other afternoon no fee had come to it on a party round the church, and despite the casual dropping of more than one "gentle hint" it appeared as if the session was to go unrewarded.

In the porch the leader of the party paused a moment, thanked the old sexton profusely and wished him "Good afternoon."

"I suppose," he added, "you've been here many years?"

"Forty," replied the old man, "an' it's a very strange thing, no matter how I'm showing a party out of the porch they allus asks me that question, er" (with emphasis) "the other!"

"Indeed!" smiled the visitor. "And what may the other question be?"

"What I calls question number two," replied the sexton quickly, "I'm just glad 'Number 1s first allowed.' And 'Shall I be allowed?'"

Sandwiched was had the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.—London Answers.

Were His Old Hat Home.

They were talking about getting bald. "Most men," said Jim Tom, "if they grow bald on the parietal wood. His pranks in pursuit became more and more interesting as he developed his powers. Small bright objects, such as teaspoons, thimbles and the like, disappeared mysteriously and the stolen property was found in the hollow of a tree. Despite the noisy protests of the thief the party gets continued to do it.

At first I found the best cure for Tom's thieving was to shut him in a cage. I had been mercifully set down as getting up at an unusually hour by a certain Sabbath Pugilistic Club, apparently from the tin cover of veranda roof just outside my window.

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Reading Character by the Nose.

"You can almost tell a person's character from the nose alone," remarked a scientist. "All great men have strong noses. The great nose, which has no prominence, but is straight, argues great sense of aesthetics, of beauty, but no character and no power of execution.

"Large nostrils show courage. People of fearless disposition breathe fully and freely. All the lower animals have dilated nostrils. The drooping nostril shows listlessness and cowardice. If the nose also droops, it denotes a tragic power, and if only the nostril capacity is marked for the interpretation of comedy.

"Where the nose is thin at the bridge it shows generosity, while a nose that is thick at the bridge argues acquisitiveness. When it is uptilted, like the petal of a flower, the person is impudent. A projecting nose argues a disposition to investigate. It is ahead of the person, as it were, and wants to scent out things."

The Gallant Cabman.

Nothing perhaps produces a quite so fresh sense of humor as a sense of being unexpected, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of practice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the cabin into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her sweetly. She was weakly about to add another sixpence when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He trained the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Comes, missy," he remarked, "there was the pleasure o' drivin' you."—London Chronicle.

A Great Man.

I consider him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in larger relations than others. His life is clear and simple and keeps a vigilant eye on many sources of error. He is a great man who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

A Good Cricketer.

Dr. W. G. Grace, when asking a friend batting, said to the man at the other end of the pavilion: "Inquire of his friend 'Tidy' if you ever see anything like it? Why, he gets 'em wherever he likes." "Well," said the other, "he will get 'em here sometimes if he doesn't mind his p's and q's." "Ah," said Grace, "I'll back 'Tidy' against anybody."—C. W. Alcock's "Cricket Field."

Wanted to Forget.

Tommy Paw—What relation is Mrs. Grantham to you?

Father—She's my mother-in-law, young man. Now don't remind me of her again while she is here.—Ohio State Journal.

THE RACE

Does not depend on the start but on the finish. It's staying power which carries many a runner to victory. It's like that in business. Many a man starts out in the race for business success with a burst of speed which seems to assure victory. Presently he begins to falter and at last he fails and falls. The cause? Generally stomach trouble. No man is stronger than his stomach. Business haste leads to careless and irregular eating. The stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition become weak. The body is inadequately nourished and so grows weak.

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